

A Little Hero.

Grace Greenwood writes the following little story—and a true one it is—for the "Little Pilgrim," a child's paper. She gets the facts from an incident described in the Hartford "Daily Times," some years ago, as having happened in Coll's Meadows:

In the city of Hartford, Connecticut, lives the hero of the true history I am about to relate—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure which made him for a time famous in his native town, happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright, active boy of fourteen—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 18—, the father worked in a factory, about a mile and a half from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner, across a wide piece of meadow land.

One keen frosty day, he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little foot path remaining. Yet he ran on, as fast as possible, plunging through drifts—keeping himself warm by vigorous exercises, and brave, cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from any house, he suddenly felt himself going down. Down, down! He had fallen into a well!

He sunk down into the dark, icy water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank, which had fallen into the well, as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well, the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse, and speechless, but all in vain, and it was impossible for him to make him heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was to be saved at all, he must save himself, and begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First, he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well which was of brick and smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket knife, cut off his boots, that he might work to greater advantage. Then, with his feet against one end of the well and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, take breath and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had yet gone through, for the side of the well being from that point completely covered with ice he must cut with his knife, grasping places for his fingers, slowly and carefully, all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted his heart to God, and prayed fervently for help, fearing he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from the deep, and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed into his heart a few larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverance. It is in this way that God oftentimes answers our prayers, when we call upon him in time of trouble.

After this, the little hero cut his way upward, inch by inch. His stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the top.

He did reach it at last—crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest, panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear frosty air.

He had been two hours and a half in the well!

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with the cold, as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his good father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man was obliged to go without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that while listening, with tears in his eyes, to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him.

He must have been very proud of the boy that day, as he wrapped him up in his own warm overcoat, and took him home to his mother.

And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and thanked God for him!

A couple of old toppers in some way got into a quarrel, and for some time lurked all the approved blackguardism of the pot-house at each other, when one of them, determining to extinguish the other immediately, exclaimed, "Go! I have no more to say. I scorn you as I do a glass of water."

It is a misfortune for a man to have a crooked nose, for he has to follow it.

Terrible Flood in Australia.

A letter in the N. Y. Tribune dated 31st March, 1860, gives a graphic account of a frightful flood occurring there in February. The letter states as follows:

"These districts have been devastated by one of the most fearful floods ever known in Australia. Life and property have been sacrificed to an extent truly appalling. The damage done cannot be estimated. Whole families, with every living thing on their homesteads, crops and all, were swept into the sea of the restless flood, and no one left to tell what they have lost."

At Bell's Creek diggings the claims have all been filled. The poor miners were washed away clear over a fall of a thousand feet deep, at the bottom of which the remains of many were found. No one at the diggings escaped to tell how suddenly the waters came down upon them, or of the gold that was lost. One little girl was found alive in the region of Bell's Creek, who had lost father, mother, five brothers and sisters, and home. All that she possessed and loved in the world were swept away. In one night this poor unfortunate was dashed down to poverty and orphanage. The face of the country is so changed that she cannot point out the place where their house stood.

Near the source of the Shoal Haven River, at one point, the water was seen to come rushing down upon the plains, like a vast pyramid. The river rose in a few hours one hundred feet. The upland flats were like great lakes. On and on except the avalanche of waters in its descending path. An immense belt of richly cultivated lands, sowing with plenty, has been left like a ruined desert, filled or covered with sand and rocks. Houses, gardens, crops, cattle, horses, fences, trees, soil, men, women and children, were swept over precipices, down through valleys, and on into the surging sea, and thrown back upon the coast in indescribable confusion. For many miles the shore was covered with the awful wreck. Boats were rowed and steamed over where a town had stood, in endeavors to save some of the drowning people, who had gone up to the tops of the highest buildings. In this way some were rescued just before their houses were swept away. Some of those lost now stand high and dry in the midst of where the town once stood. The Shoal Haven River bed has been filled up. The waters have found another channel.

"An island at the mouth of the Shoal Haven was inhabited by about 90 families, probably nearly 400 persons. The people, seeing the waters rising up suddenly all around them, fled to the highest hills. Soon all they had was gone, and the waves kept creeping up after them. The people were wonderfully preserved. A vessel at sea near them, and sailed to their relief. They were saved just before the island was submerged."

"A great many individual cases of thrilling interest are related. Many a poor mother sacrificed her life in wild efforts to save her children. One young man, in his efforts to save his mother, swam with her through the flood, and carried her across an over-flowed field. He struggled hard to reach a place of safety; he succeeded and laid his treasure—his feeble mother—down, but only to see her die. Ten minutes after he had brought her to a safe place, she closed her eyes in death. A daysack floated down in sight with men hanging to it. They were naked, drowning men, catching at straws. Huge trees with drowning families hanging to the branches, swept on before us. It would fill a volume to record the details of suffering, which have desolated this wretched district. The destruction has been most complete. All this time the house in which we dwell seemed to be exposed. We expected it would be carried away. But the stream which we saw rise and rush toward us, diverged before they reached our house, and dashed away past us, finding elsewhere enough of ruin to do for other poor unfortunate."

"The Government has been prompt to send relief to the sufferers. All the uninjured parts of the colonies have been raising a 'Flood Relief Fund.' This will serve to alleviate somewhat the calamity; but the ruin of families, the loss of children, parents, and kindred, and the countless deaths of loved ones to save the be-reaved among the living—these are desolations that no relief fund can ever assuage."

LARGE FARMERS. The marshal who has been taking the census in Brazoria county, Texas, says that he found six planters whose landed interest in the State amounted to 360,000 acres of land, they together own 27,981 head of cattle, and last year raised 74,000 bushels of corn, the aggregate wealth of the six amounts to \$2,200,322.

Something about Adam's Fall.

A favorite temperance lecturer, down South, used to relate the following anecdote to illustrate the influence of a bad example to the formation of habits, ruinous in their effect.

Adam, and Mary, his wife, who lived in one of the old States, were very good members of the church, good sort of folks any way, quite industrious and thriving in the world, and Mary thought a good deal of a glass of good toddy.

When ever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was pretty often, she contrived to have a glass of toddy made, and the minister never refused to imbibe. After a while Adam got to following the example of the minister to such an extent, that he became a drunkard—drank up all he had and all he could get. Mary and Adam became very poor in consequence of his following the minister's example so closely; but the good minister continued his visits, and poor Mary continued still to give him the glass of toddy. One day he called in and told Mary he was going away for a week, and should return on Friday, and handed her a book containing the catechism, and told her when he returned, he should expect her to answer the questions. Mary said, yes, and laid away the book carefully. But Mary, like a good many other church members, thought no more of the book until the very Friday the good minister was to return. "What shall I do?" said she; the minister is to be here to-day, and I haven't looked at the book he gave me! How can I answer the questions?"

"I can tell you," said Adam, "give me a quarter and let me go over to Smith's and get some good rum, and you can answer him with a glass of toddy."

Mary took the advice, gave Adam the quarter and the jug, and off he started. After getting his bottle of rum, and on his way home, he concluded to taste the rum. One taste followed the other, until he fell over a pile of rocks, and broke the bottle, and split the rum. But Adam managed to stagger home.

Soon as he got into the house, Mary inquired anxiously for the bottle and rum. "Where is the bottle and rum, Adam?"

Poor Adam managed to stammer out, "that he stunkled over a pile of rocks, and broke the bottle, and split the rum."

Mary was in a fix; Adam drunk the minister coming, the rum gone, and the questions unlearned. But ever comes the minister! It was so for the man of God to see Adam drunk, as she for the want of a better place to hide, sent him under the bed. By the time he was fairly under, in came the minister. After sitting a few moments, he asked Mary if she could answer the question. "How did Adam fall?"

Mary turned her head first one way, then the other; finally she stammered out, "He fell over a pile of rocks!"

It was now the minister's turn to look blank; but he ventured another question, "Where did he hide himself after this fall?"

Mary looked at the minister, then at the bed, but finally she said, "Under the bed, sir! There Adam you may come out, he knows all about it."

The good minister retired, not even waiting for his glass of toddy.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.—The police mind has not ceased to be agitated by the disappearance, some three months ago, of Charles S. Doyen, a lad of sixteen, with a thousand dollars in money belonging to the firm of Plummer & Co., flour dealers in this city. So upright was the boy as entire the confidence reposed in him and conclusive the circumstances that he could not have premeditated absence, that many have felt he must have met with foul play.

He has, however, lately communicated with his employers through his pastor, assuring them that his departure was not thought of till after he left the store; confessing his deep sense of his wrong, alleging his sincere penitence, and giving the best possible proof of penitence by restoring more than nine hundred dollars of the money, in the identical bills he carried away. He has been at work upon a farm ever since the first fortnight after his disappearance, promising to repay the balance, principal and interest, as soon as he can earn it, and seems tuned to have put himself every way in a right position again. His employers retain the kindest feelings towards him, and have the fullest confidence that he will yet make a useful and honored citizen. —Boston Trans.

There is a cheap Cunard line from New York for Liverpool, touching at Queenstown, with \$75 for cabin and \$30 steerage ticket.

A CITY LASS. Two young ladies of New York city were lately spending the summer in north eastern New York. During the visit they took several long rides with the daughter of their host, about the country. On one of these occasions, as they had been traveling some distance, and they were warm, and as a touch of running water stood invitingly by the roadside, they concluded to give their pony a drink. One of the city ladies agreed to get out and arrange matters for that purpose. The others remaining in the carriage, and deeply engaged in conversation, for some time paid no attention to the proceedings of their companion. When, at last, surprised by the long delay, they turned to ascertain the cause, they discovered her endeavoring to unhook the crupper, (the name of the strap which passes around the horse's tail.) In amazement, they inquired, "What in the world are you doing that for?" She naively replied, "Why, I'm unhooking this strap, to let the horse's head down, so he can drink."

A few days ago, a couple of sharpers pulled the wool over the eyes of some farmers in the northern part of Washington county. They were well dressed, driving a fine carriage—agents they said, of some eastern factory. They wanted to buy wool—would give sixty five cents, twenty-five cents more than the market price, if the farmer would take one fourth of the price in their cloth. The offer was tempting. One farmer, of the town of Hartford, took \$90 worth of brown cloth at \$5 per yard. The gentleman suggested that they would like his note for that amount, to be returned when the wool was delivered at Port Edward. The note was given, and the gentlemen of the fine carriage drove off. They operated in this way for several days; but before the time arrived for the wool to be delivered in Port Edward, and the balance of the price paid in money, the gentlemen had the notes discounted and left for parts unknown. The cloth proves to be worth from one to two dollars per yard.

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Dr. CASTLE'S Magnolia Catarrh Snuff. Cures Catarrh, Discharge, Sore Throat, and Inflammation of the Nose and Throat; removes those disagreeable sensations attending the whistling of mucus, sound of distant waterfalls, etc., and all complaints of the Throat. Doses 25 cents, with full Directions.

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ABRIEL CHANDLER, JR. Bethel, Jan 11, 1860. corwif Agent.

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All of these diseases have yielded to this medicine when they have defied the power of all other. For Canker in the Mouth or Throat, it may be used as a gargle several times a day. Dr. JOHN F. TRUE, Proprietor, 26 Lewiston Falls, Maine. JAMES NUTTING and C. O. H. MASON, Agents, Bethel, Me.

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